SECOND SERIES.—No 5.

THE

CHRISTMAS DREAM

OF

LITTLE CHARLES.

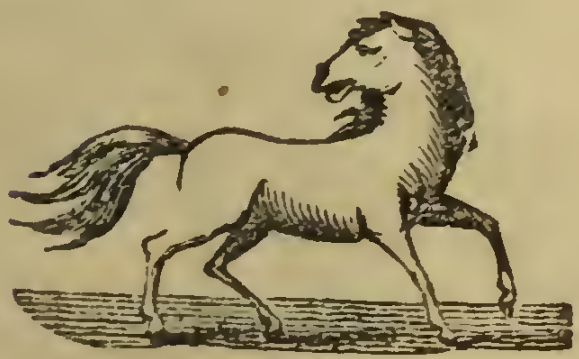
NEW YORK:
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,
125 & 125 William St.

THE

CHRISTMAS DREAM

OF

LITTLE CHARLES.



NEW YORK:

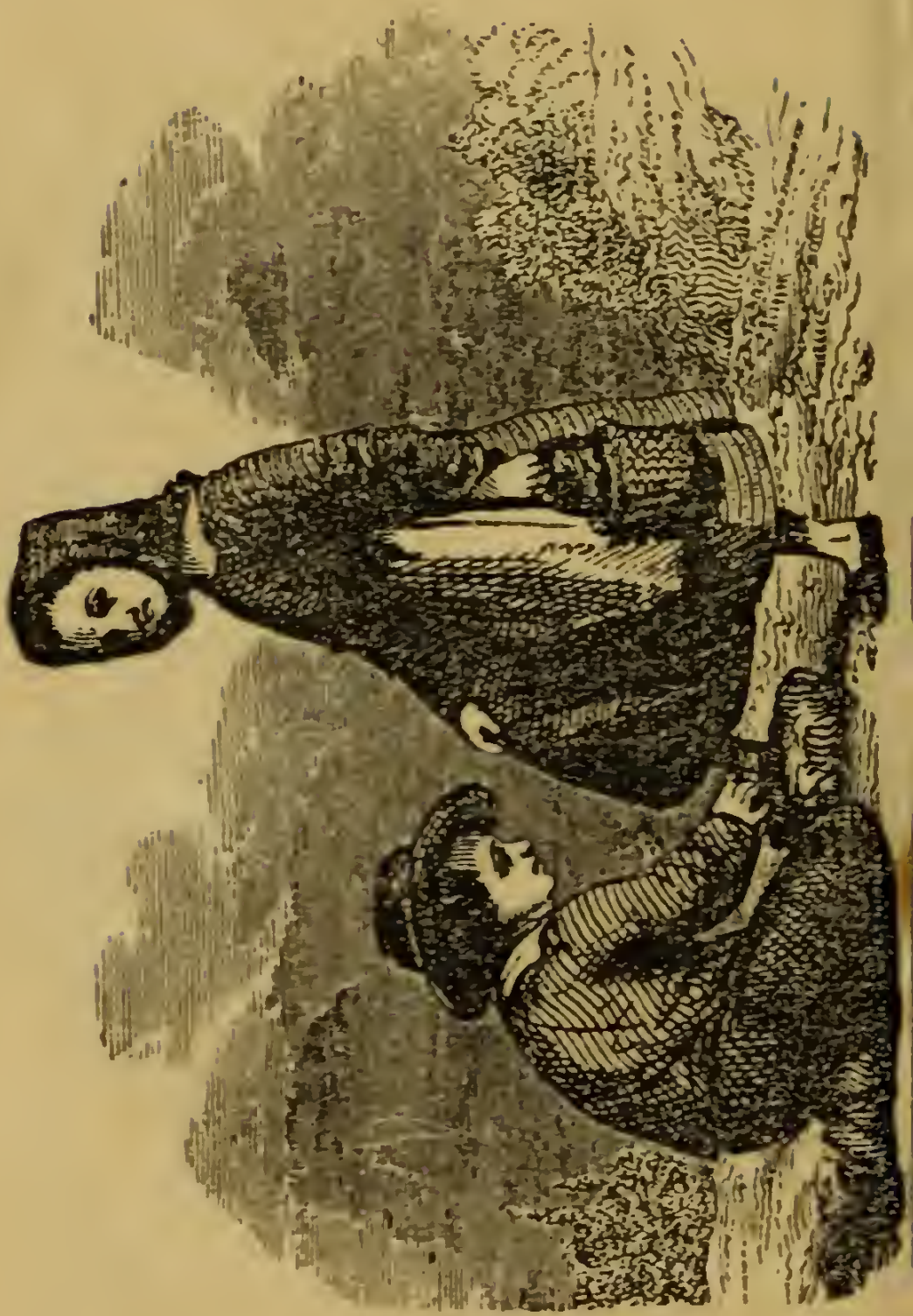
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,

88 JOHN STREET.

THE CHRISTMAS DREAM

OF LITTLE CHARLES.

One Christmas eve, little Charles Estabrook hung his stocking carefully by the chimney corner, and, after saying his prayers, got into bed, and soon fell asleep. Charles was a good little boy; he was fond of horses, and took pleasure in feeding them and attending to their wants. On the day previous, a traveller came along; his horse was thirsty; so little Charles got a pail, filled it with



water, and gave the horse to drink, for which the traveller rewarded him by giving him a shilling.

But, although so fond of horses, little Charles was not unmindful of the claims of his sister Lizzy, as she was familiarly called, and, in pleasant weather, would go out to walk with her. In the engraving opposite, they are on their way to school together, and have stopped that he may tie her shoe, which has become unfastened.

Charles dreamed that he was in bed, peeping at his stocking, over the bed-clothes, when he saw a very pleasant-looking old gentleman come down the chimney, on a nice little pony,

precisely like the one named Lightfoot, that his Uncle Ben had promised to give him. It was funny, indeed, to see the pony slide down feet foremost, and Charles could not help laughing; but he laughed still louder, when he examined Old Nicholas the rider. His hair was made of crackers, and as he came nearer and nearer to the lamp, that stood on the hearth, pop went off one of the crackers, then another, and then another. But St. Nicholas was not a bit frightened; he only rubbed his ears with his coat-sleeve, patted the pony to keep him quiet, and laughed till he showed the concave of his great mouth, full of sugar-plums.

"He was chubby and plump,
A right jolly old elf—
Charley laughed when he saw him,
In spite of himself;
While a wink of his eye,
A twist of his head,
Soon gave him to know
He had nothing to dread."

Charles was excessively delighted, and shouted so loud that his mother thought he had the nightmare. He watched the old gentleman closely, and then looked at his stocking. It hung very conveniently. "He can't put the pony in it," said he to himself; "that's a pity."

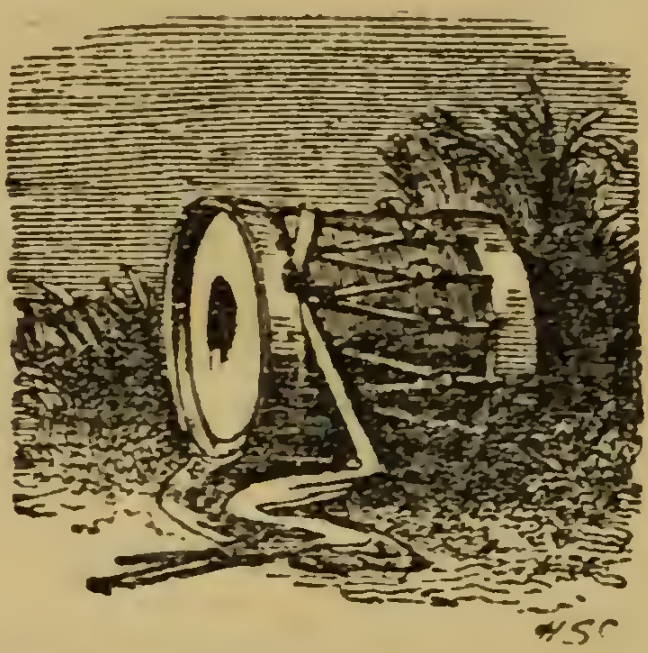
The old gentleman's pockets stuck out prodigiously, and he panted and puffed as if he had been cudgelling an alligator.

"Well," said he, wiping the perspiration off his face, although it was the 25th of December, "if this is not hard work. Eighty-five youngsters have I called on the last hour. Hark! St. Michael's sounds

loud down the chimney. One, two. I shall have a tough job, from two o'clock till daylight, popping down the chimneys from the Battery to the High bridge. I wonder what this

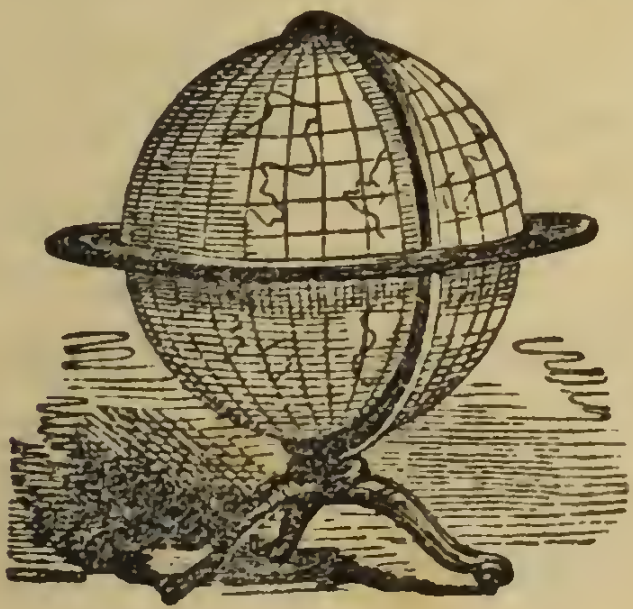
chap would like for a Christmas present," continued he, eying the stocking; then putting his arms akimbo, he began to consider. Charles's heart beat. "Good Mr. Nicholas," said he to himself, "if you could only give me that pony." But he kept quite still, for he saw the old man put his hands into his tremendous pockets. "Let me see," said old Nicholas, "here is a jack-knife that I was to have given Tommy Battle, if he had not quarrelled with his sisters. Open sesame!" The stocking opened, and in went the jack-knife. It was the very thing that Charles wanted. One after another the old gentleman pulled out tops, twine, marbles, dissected maps,

picture-books, sugar-plums, besides divers other notions, all the while talking to himself.



"This drum," said he, "is for Tom Barnwell, a clever little fellow who never tells lies. These pretty little fish-hooks and line Master Troup must have, for his patient care of his father when he was sick. This mask is for Orace Allen; he must not use it to frighten little children, or I shall re-

member it when Christmas comes again. Let me see, I will give this globe to Joseph Dudley, who is a studious boy,



and he will make a good use of it. This pretty annual was for William Wiley, but the lad kicked his brother, and called him a bad name, so I will lay it by for George Wilde."

Charles thought he could stay for ever to see the old gentleman take out his knicknacks, and tell who they were for; but he began to be a little frightened for his own stocking, when he recollected that he had been remiss in his Latin the last quarter. "I hope the old gentleman does not understand the classics," said Charley to himself; but he stopped short, for his queer visiter held up the stocking, saying, "I think this lad loves gunpowder by the smell of his stocking."

He then took hold of his hair, and pulling out crackers by the dozen from his head, tied them up into neat parcels, and threw them into the stocking. As fast as he pulled them off, new crackers appeared, and hung down over his ears and forehead. "This accounts for the noise we hear on Christmas," said Charles; "I never knew who made all the crackers!" and he had to hold his sides for laughing, the old man looked so droll.

When the old gentleman stooped over the light to put a new supply in the stocking, an unusual number exploded, and the little pony giving a start up the chimney, disappeared.

Charles awoke; it was just

daylight. He sprung out of bed, roused all the family with his "Merry Christmas," ran to the stable, and what should he

see, but Uncle Ben's little pony, with a halter on his neck, on which was tied a piece of paper, written, "A merry Christmas, with the pony Lightfoot, for my nephew Charles!"

THE LITTLE COLT.

SPOKEN BY A LITTLE BOY.

Pray how shall I, a little lad,
In speaking make a figure;
You are but jesting, I'm afraid,
Do wait till I am bigger.

But since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise with all my art,
Though small my chance to win it

I'll tell a tale how Farmer John
A little roan colt bred, sir,
And every night and every morn
He watered and he fed, sir.

Said Neighbor Joe, to Farmer John,
"You surely are a dolt, sir,
To spend such daily care upon
A little useless colt, sir."

The farmer answered wondering Joe,
"I bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But may do when he's grown up."

The moral you may plainly see,
To keep the tale from spoiling;
The little colt you think is me—
I know it by your smiling.

I now entreat you to excuse
My lisping and my stammers,
And, since you've learned my parent's views,
I'll humbly make my manners.

KIGGINS & KELLOGG,

Publishers, Booksellers, & Stationers,

123 & 125 William St.

Also Manufacturers of every description of

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

MEMORANDUMS and PASS BOOKS,

a large Stock of which is constantly kept on hand. Their Assortment of

SCHOOL

AND

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

and of Foreign and Domestic

STATIONERY,

is very complete, to the inspection of which they would invite COUNTRY MERCHANTS, before purchasing elsewhere.

JUST PUBLISHED,

REDFIELD'S TOY BOOKS,

Four Series of Twelve Books each,

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED,

Price, One, Two, Four, and Six Cents